How Would the World Look Like?

If Every Inhabitant Was an Honest Person.

Valentin Bura



“What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame” I said to Liz in a quite whisper.

She did hear me though. She was a very perceptive creature…

“Yeah Val, I always wondered about that Nietzsche passage and what it meant” said Liz…

“The ape is an archetype… created by the Lord to remind us not to behave in certain ways…”

“Really? Do you believe that?”

I always found Liz’s atheism disconcerting, so I had to correct her that time, too.

“No dear, Nietzsche said that… and that is what he meant. He was the son of a protestant pastor you know…”

“Yeah, and he also had great respect for women since he grew up with five of them. Yes, I know that fact…”

“So why don’t you find a good job for yourself, Val?” said Liz.

“A good job?” I said to her… “Like weather engineer?” I elaborated.

“Weather engineer? What is that?”

“You know…” I said to her. “Things like what Elon Musk is doing. Crashing icebergs on people of Nepal and marvellous things like that…”

“Val, you really need a job.”

“And certify that my employer is an honest organization? How can I do that?”

“So what do you think about gender segregation in schools, Val?” she asked me.

“You mean boys and girls schools?”

“Yes, that’s what I mean.”

“I think it’s the best idea since sliced bread, Liz.”

“Really?”

“Yes, it deals with a lot of issues in one stroke, some of the issues being current. Segregation and religious schooling do the job, Liz.”

“What do you think about this, Val… what if you could be the Prince of Wales?”

“The Prince of Wales? Just like that?”

“Yes, just like that…”

“Explain, please…” I said.

“Well, plastic surgery is cutting-edge these days… they could make a brand-new Prince of Wales out of you!”

“A-ha. So they could out of five hundred guys like me” I said to her. “What makes me so special, I wonder?” I elaborated.

“Well, if you’re in fact doing your job well as Prince of Wales, there would be nothing to be afraid of, right?”

“Right” I said. “Somehow I don’t buy that.”

“You know, don’t you wish sometimes that we could live forever?” asked Liz.

“Without death, there cannot be Love” I said to her. “But in any case, dying is far from what you make of it…”

“In what way?”

“Well, you think dying is like a dreamless sleep from witch you’ll never wake up, right?”

“Indeed” she said to me.

“You should speak to older women about this, they’ll enlighten you” I then told her.

“Really?” she said.

“Yes” I said to her. “Since when do you think we as people in our thirties know everything there is to know? You should be more humble, Liz” I said to her.

“So what is dying like, then?”

“When you’re going away, a ‘lady’ dressed completely in white takes you by the hand, she’s showing you everything you leave behind, and then you are asked whether you do want to come back sometimes, if you’re entirely happy with the state of the world… and then she takes you to a place where you can be with the people you loved in your life…”

“Really, Val? Who told you that?”

“Mother Miriam mentioned that in her podcast…” I said to her.

“Are you happy with the state of the world?”

“No.”

“So you’re not coming back?”

“I am. I love the world too much” I said to her.

“I love the world and I love the people in it.”

“Honestly” I said to her…



The End.